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TED'S HARD LESSON; OR, THE A. B. C. OF HYGIENE.

Teddy Foster had weak limbs and a flat chest. The muscles in his arms were as soft as a girl's, his calves were not much larger than his ankles, and they ought to have been nearly twice as large. Teddy, however, had a fine head and a large brain and did much good work, for he was a studious boy and seldom missed a lesson, but he had also a small neck and narrow shoulders, and these are not good supports for an active brain. The brain is a great weight and if we make it work hard and don't give it the kind of food it wants, it will steal all it can get from the body, this leaves the body thin and hungry. Teddy had a handsome eye, but it seldom twinkled, for he usually had a dull feeling in the head, and sometimes a headache, because his blood did not circulate freely.

He had determined that he would some day be a senator or president, and was studying hard so as to be ready when the time came, but his thin legs, flat chest, and small neck were against him. A boy with these defects has not much physical endurance, and that is a necessary quality for a senator or president. One cannot be president till he is forty years of age, and Ted was only nine. It was a question, therefore, whether our hero's legs and chest would hold out thirty-one years longer, and leave him at forty with strength enough to perform the duties of either senator or president.

Ted had an uncle who was a splendid specimen of humanity. He was tall, broad-shouldered, full-chested, straight as a reed, held his head high, and chin close to his neck, and walked like a prince. Ted thought that there was no one like Uncle Joe, and Uncle Joe thought there was no boy like Ted. But Ted's bad figure caused Uncle Joe grave anxiety. Mr. Carter knew it was much easier for a boy with good muscles, solid flesh, and robust health, to be brave and manly, and to fight the battles of life without flinching, than it would be for one like Ted.

One day Uncle Joe sailed for Europe. He was to be absent six months, as he bade good-by he said:

"Ted, my boy, if you will promise to read carefully this little book, and do exactly as it tells you, night and morning, not missing a day during my absence, I will give you on my return a handsome gold watch and chain."

Ted was delighted, there was nothing he wished for more than a gold watch and chain. He gave the promise, and Uncle Joe sailed for Europe.

When Ted read the book he was astonished. It was about thin legs, weak muscles, flat chests, and told how to develop them and make them strong. He had studied several larger books, but he never had seen anything like this presumptuous little book that looked so insignificant, but pretended to be and was so much. Had any one but Uncle Joe given it to him he would have declared it all bosh. There could be no nonsense, however, about Uncle Joe, besides Ted had promised, and Ted never broke his word. Then there were the watch and chain.

TEDDY'S HARD LESSON, AND HOW HE LEARNED IT.

Ted studied the book carefully, and that night he began his exercises. To be sure that no one should see or hear him, he shut every door and drew down the curtains. Then he began. First he took a sponge bath from head to foot, and rubbed himself with a crash towel. This made him glow all over. Then he took the small sized dumb bells that Uncle Joe had sent him in a box with a pair of Indian clubs and a trapeze bar, and swung them over his head. Ted thought the bells were very light at first, but they seemed pretty heavy long before he got through.

"Now for the muscles in the upper arms," said he, and he curled the bells, starting with the arms out straight, forming a cross with the body, and bringing the bells up till they touched the shoulder.

For the forearm he held the bells at arms' length, twisting them around twenty times. For the hand he held a rubber ball in the palm, and pressed the ends of his fingers hard on it. These few exercises gave him a new sense of life, and he was delighted. Then he set his thin legs to work. With head erect, shoulders thrown down and back, he lifted his body on his toes as high as possible, then let it slowly down, not permitting his heels to touch the floor. The little book told him to go through this exercise one hundred times, but before he had done it fifty, his calves ached so he had to stop. Had they been strong, as they ought to have been, he could have done it five hundred times and they would not have ached so hard.

Now for the thigh muscles that work so hard when we walk. Ted never had walked much, and these muscles were in a bad condition, but his enthusiasm was roused and he went at them with a will.

Body erect, head up, keeping sole of the feet flat to the floor, letting himself down as far as he could go, bending the body at the hip and knees. This was hard work, and made him sweat, and feel the blood rushing through his veins. He tried to go through this fifty times but had to stop at twenty. Next he made an attack on the little muscle in the shin, by walking across the floor on his heels, toes up. He had not taken more than fifty steps before this little muscle cried out for him to stop.

"All right," says Ted. "I'll stop now, but some day I'll make you take three hundred steps without stopping."

For the muscles on the under side of the thigh, he stood erect, arms extended in front and held parallel, knees unbent, he stooped forward till his finger tips touched the floor. This exercise also strengthened his back.

He was now very tired, and sat down to rest, and consult the little book as to what he should do next. "To expand the chest," it said, "stand with head erect, shoulders down and back; breathe till lungs are full, and hold the breath as long as possible, then let the breath slowly out through the nose, beating the chest quickly with the palm of the hand, as the breath escapes.

This gave Ted a delightful sensation, as the little cells in his lungs that had been shut so long, opened their doors to let in the fresh air. He repeated this six times, careful always to take the breath through his nose; "for," said the little book, "if you breathe through the mouth, you will be sure to have sore throat or a cold on your lungs."

GALLION QUE
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Then he took the dumb-bells, and holding them high in the air, with head and shoulders thrown back a few inches, face turned toward the ceiling, lungs nearly full of air, he let the bells slowly down till his arms were on a level with his shoulders. This exercise was to stretch the ribs, and strengthen a weak chest. Then he interlaced his fingers, touched his palms to the top of his head, then turned the palms upward toward the ceiling, fingers still interlaced, and stretched them high as possible over his head. This he did a number of times, then with his hands still over his head, he walked across the floor twenty-five times. Before he got through he felt the warm blood tingling in the veins of his stomach.

There were scores of other exercises given in the little book, for every muscle in the body, but Ted was now pretty tired out, and he put them aside for future practice, and opening his window a few inches top and bottom, for the little book said if he wanted health he must keep fresh out-of-door air in his sleeping room—and raising an umbrella to keep the wind from blowing on him, he fell asleep to dream of gold watches and Uncle Joe. Six months later Uncle Joe came back from Europe, Ted heard of the arrival and rushed down stairs to greet his uncle; but Uncle Joe, to Ted's astonishment, did not know him. When Uncle Joe became convinced that this fine looking boy with broad, deep chest, shapely shoulders, sparkling eyes, well developed arms and legs, rosy cheeks, and firm warm hands was really Ted, his own nephew, his delight knew no bounds.

"How did it all happen, Ted?" he asked.

"The little book, the dumb bells, the Indian clubs and the trapeze bar did it. Uncle Joe, I promised, you know, and practised half an hour night and morning, not missing a single day, and," added Ted, looking proudly down on his shapely body—"and this is the result." "Well done, Ted, you have gained the mastery, and you shall have the reward."

Uncle Joe took Ted to the jeweller's and bought him a handsome Geneva watch, stem-winder, a gold chain, and a stone seal. On the seal were the words, "*Labor omnia vincit.*"—"Labor conquers all things."—*Grandmother's Children.*

"POOR NELSON MILLER."

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

There were a great many truly excellent people in G——. That was proven when Nelson Miller came home after sowing many wild oats broadcast, and told his family that he had "turned over a new leaf." There were many pages between the old leaf and the new one. In the former he had been down in the depths—a poor, bruised, tattered, degraded young man, spurned by the masses and pitied by the few; in the latter he had been healed, washed, and raised to respected manhood. He was doing well now; that was the verdict of all the kindly people, and many were the warm handclasps he received and the encouraging words spoken to him. There was no happier man in G—— than Deacon Miller, now that his son had returned "clothed, and in his right mind." He was offered a good salary as book-keeper in an influential house, and accepted it. A year passed, he gaining day by day a warm place in the hearts of his employers.

"Such a noble fellow!" they said to each other admiringly; "he will make his mark yet."

This was his father's opinion, too, and his dear but weak-minded mother's. "Nelson'll make his mark; I'm sure of that," Deacon Miller said proudly, his eyes looking humid as he thought of the then and the now—the then when people never dared to speak of the wayward runaway, Nelson Miller, the now, when everyone he met in G—— congratulated him upon his son.

But was he as strong as they thought? Poor Nelson could have told you no. He could yet scarcely endure the smell of wine; the taste would have plunged him back into the depths—he felt quite sure of that. But he was a determined fellow; he would not be such a simpleton as to taste what he knew would prove the destruction of his soul.

It was a lovely day in early spring when Nelson was to make a public profession of his love for his Saviour. Deacon Miller and his wife lifted their souls in a prayer of thanksgiving. It seemed to them to be the dawning of a day to be ever consecrated as "a white day" in their calendar. Alas! alas! that it proved a black one, whose shadows would haunt them to their last moment.

How lovely the church looked that bright spring morning! How sweet it was with the breath of many fragrant flowers, looking up from the vine-draped pulpit-stands! How thrillingly the choir sang, "Whiter than Snow!" How tender grew Nelson Miller's heart as he looked, and listened, and waited for the summons that was to unite him publicly with the Lord's people! What a handsome fellow he was! How noble he looked! And what a helper he would be in the church! This seemed to be the opinion of the church full of worshippers. And Nelson intended to be a helper.

But the current of his thoughts was soon interrupted by a peculiar aroma arising from nothing more or less than wine poured slowly, carefully from the silver pitcher into the silver goblets. A distressed look came into Nelson's face, a troubled thought into his mind. What had been the matter with him that he had not thought of this? Surely he had been a strange person not to have recalled the fact that fermented wine was always used in this church at communion. Mrs. Miller glanced at her son, and saw him wipe the thick perspiration from his forehead. She leaned toward him, and whispered lovingly, "Are you sick, dear boy? You look distressed." And he whispered back—this dear, dear boy, on the brink of a fearful precipice,—"Mother, I am distressed. Is it necessary for me to touch that wine? Couldn't I waive it by when my turn comes?"

"Just touch it to your lips, Nelson, dear; that will be enough," advised the mother.

And it was enough! That very night all hope for Nelson Miller was buried forever. The taste of the wine had awakened the slumbering demon, and a few years later this was the closing scene of his earthly life.

"I found in the street a corpse half enveloped in mud and in sleet, a foul, bloated thing, but I saw in the face a something that told of its boyhood's grace."—*Church and Home.*

THE BIRTHDAY GLASS.

Birthdays should be bright, and joyous, and glad. They ought to be kept in every home; but I know mothers, not a few, who bitterly regret that the sparkling wine had ever a place on the birthday table. Where is curly-haired Charley now? What has become of little Frank, who used to make such a demonstration as he drained every drop of his birthday glass of fine old port? We who know their life-stories, dare not ask the question. Their names must not now be mentioned to the fond mothers who would give anything to undo the past. "What father likes and what mother sanctions must be right," is the argument which naturally commends itself to every child. A birthday party is an event looked forward to with keen anticipation by all the young folk. Well kept, it can be looked back upon with satisfaction by both old and young. Keep your birthdays, then, by all means, but keep them sweet and clean from every evil habit and vicious practice.—*F. Sherlock, in Home Words for October.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 7.

THE FIERY FURNACE.—DAN. 3: 16-28.

COMMIT VERSES 18, 19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace.—Dan. 3: 17.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God will deliver in the hour of temptation and trouble those who are faithful to him.

DAILY READINGS.

M.	Dan. 2: 1-23.
T.	Dan. 2: 24-49.
W.	Dan. 3: 1-15.
Th.	Dan. 3: 16-30.
F.	1 Pet. 4: 12-19.
Sa.	Matt. 5: 10-20.
Su.	Rev. 3: 1-13.

TIME.—18th year of Nebuchadnezzar, B.C. 587. About 18 years after the last lesson; and near the time of the fall of Jerusalem (Lesson 4).

PLACE.—The plain of Dura, about five miles south-east of Babylon.

RULERS.—Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon (605 561). Zedekiah, the last king of Judah. Pharaoh Hophra, king of Egypt. The "seven wise men" in Greece.

PROPHETS.—Jeremiah, at Jerusalem. Ezekiel, by the River Chebar in Babylonia. Daniel, at Babylon.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—Soon after Daniel and his friends had become officers in Nebuchadnezzar's kingdom, Daniel had an opportunity to show his wisdom by revealing and interpreting a dream for the king. Then Daniel was made chief ruler, and his three friends were exalted to high office at his request.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. THE GOLDEN IMAGE was erected on the plain of Dura, five miles from Babylon. It was 60 cubits (90 feet) high, and 6 cubits (9 feet) broad. This includes the pedestal. It was probably of wood or clay, and covered with plates of gold. Diodorus tells us of three golden images in the temple of Bel, at Babylon, worth, with their altars of gold, $86,000,000. 2. THE INAUGURATION—*the officers and chief men from all parts of the empire were summoned to Babylon and compelled to bow down and worship before the golden image, on pain of being cast into the fiery furnace. When the music sounded, all bowed before the image except the three men who were with Daniel in our last lesson.* 16. SHADRACH, etc.—*see last lesson.* SAID TO THE KING—*when they were summoned to him for not worshipping the image.* 17. IF IT BE SO—*if God sees this to be best.* 19. FULL OF FURY—*(1) because their conduct was in direct disobedience to his command. (2) It interfered with his plans of unifying the empire. (3) It was against his religion. (4) It seemed a bad example to his subjects.* 20. FIERY FURNACE—*such as was used for smelting metals; a hole in the top into which the men were cast, and an opening in the side, through which they were seen, and came forth.* 21. BOUND—*with iron chains (Jer. 40: 4).* COATS—*a long robe.* HOSEN—*inner tunic.* HATS—*rather, cloaks. These are mentioned because they were combustible, and yet were not burned.* 24. ASTONIED—*astonished.* 25. THE SON OF GOD—*a son of God, a divine being, an angel (v. 28).*

LEARN BY HEART vs. 17, 18; 1 Pet. 1: 7; Rev. 2: 7.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What opening toward usefulness and renown came to Daniel soon after our last lesson? What offices did he and his three friends hold after that? How many years between those events and the lesson for to-day? What prophets lived at this time? Who was king of Judah? What great event took place there, not far from this time?

SUBJECT: SERVING GOD AT ANY COST.

I. THE GOLDEN IMAGE.—What plan did Nebuchadnezzar form to consolidate his new empire? Describe the golden image? Where was it placed? Who were summoned to worship it? What punishment was threatened to those who should refuse?

What were the probable objects of this great gathering? Why is so much said of the music? Why was there so severe a penalty for refusing to worship?

II. THE MEN OF TRUE RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE (vs. 16-18).—What three men refused to worship the image? What other proof of religious principle had they shown before? What office did they now hold? (Dan. 2: 48.) Give an account of their summons before the king? What was their reply to his demand? Did they know that God would rescue them? If they had known, would it have required great courage and piety to do what they did?

What excuses might they have made for complying? What is meant by "a religion of principle"? The difference between steadfastness to principle, and obstinacy? Is there any other true religion than a religion of a principle? Before what golden idols does the world now command the Christian to bow down? Under what penalty?

III. WHAT MEN DID TO THEM (vs. 19-23).—How did the king feel about their refusal? Why? What did he do to the men? What kind of a furnace was this? Why was it heated so hot? What showed the greatness of the heat? Why are their garments mentioned?

IV. WHAT GOD DID FOR THEM (vs. 24-28).—What three wonders did the king see while looking at the fiery furnace? What was the fourth person like? Who was it? Why made thus visible? What did the king then do? What shows how unharmed they were? What was the effect of all this on the king? Did these three men know that God would release them? Would or should this have any difference as to their conduct? (vs. 17, 18.)

Into what fiery furnaces are we sometimes cast? Does God always deliver us from them? In what other way does he sometimes save us? (Rom. 8: 29; 2 Cor. 12: 7-10.) What is the effect of firm endurance of trials upon ourselves? upon others?

LESSONS FROM THE MEN IN THE FIRE.

I. By faithfulness in early life these men were prepared for greater trials and greater victories.

II. The trial of our faith strengthens our character.

III. The trial of our faith manifests God's power and love to others.

IV. The world expects us to bow before the golden images of wealth, success, pleasure, lax religion, and easy morals.

V. His fiery furnace is persecution, unpopularity, ridicule, social ostracism.

VI. True religious principle will do right regardless of consequences.

VII. God saves his children either from trouble or in trouble. He delivers them out of it, or makes it minister to their good and the good of their cause.

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 14.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.—DAN. 5: 1-12, 25-28.

COMMIT VERSES 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.—Dan. 5: 27.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Sin offends God and works the ruin of the sinner.

DAILY READINGS.

M.	Dan. 4: 1-18.
T.	Dan. 4: 19-37.
W.	Dan. 5: 1-16.
Th.	Dan. 5: 17-31.
F.	Isa. 13: 1-22.
Sa.	Isa. 45: 1-13.
Su.	Jer. 51: 27-41.

TIME.—B.C. 538. Almost 50 years after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Babylon.

RULERS.—Nabonidus, king of the Babylonian empire, now at Borsippa. Belshazzar, his oldest son, associated with him and reigning at Babylon. Cyrus, king of the Medes and Persians.

DANIEL.—Now about 80 years old. For more than 60 years he mentions but one incident of his life, that of interpreting Nebuchadnezzar's dream. He was now in some official position (Dan. 8: 27), but probably a subordinate or retired one.

BELSHAZZAR, the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar through his mother. He was associated with his father, as king. He was probably 16 or 17 years old. His father, having attacked Cyrus who was besieging Babylon, was defeated, and was kept from returning to the city by the besieging army. So that Belshazzar was the only king now in Babylon.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES.—*Cyrus had been besieging the city for two years. But the walls were strong. There was food enough in the city to last 20 years. The citizens felt safe. An annual festival to some idol now occurred, and king and people engaged in a great revel*

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

DRANK WINE: it was the excitement of strong drink that led the king to the sin and to ruin. 2. GOLDEN VESSELS OUT OF THE TEMPLE—taken by Nebuchadnezzar, B.C. 601 and 606, 68 and 48 years before. DRANK IN THEM—thus profaning them. He insulted God by using them in a revel, and in a feast to idols, see vs. 22, 23. 5. FINGERS—the fingers that held the pen, with no arm or person to move them, showed that it was supernatural. OVER AGAINST THE CANDLESTICK—that stood on the king's table, so as to be seen in the brightest light. 7. CHALDEANS—i.e., a priest class of wise men. THIRD RULER—i.e., next to the king, who was second, his father being first. 8. COULD NOT READ THE WRITING—so as to understand what was meant. The WORDS were familiar enough. 10. QUEEN—the mother, not the wife of Belshazzar. She remembered Daniel in her father's days. 25. MENE—these are Aramaic (i.e., the HEBREW of the time of Christ) words. 26. MENE—i.e., numbered, the last number of the years counted. And Daniel applied it to the king. 27. TEKEL—i.e., weighed. 28 PERES—divided, broken to pieces. This is singular, of which UPHARSIN is the plural. PERSIAN is the same word.

Even while this was going on, the army of Cyrus had entered the city, by drawing off the water of the river Euphrates, which ran through the city. His army marched up the river-bed, and entered by the brazen gates, which in their revels the guards had left open. See Jer. 51: 30-32, 53-58.

LEARN BY HEART Prov. 1: 24-31.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How many years between the events of this lesson and the last? What event in Daniel's life during this time is recorded? How old was Daniel at this time? How long before Christ was the capture of Babylon?

SUBJECT—SIN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

I. THE SIN (vs. 1-4).—Who was now besieging Babylon? Who was king in Babylon? How old was he? What great feast did he hold? Who attended it? What did he do when under the influence of wine? What was the wickedness in this? When had these golden vessels been taken from the temple? (2 Kings 24: 10-13; 25: 8, 13-15.) With what sins does Daniel charge him? (Dan. 5: 18-23.) How many sins do you find in these accounts as committed by Belshazzar? In what ways do young people treat sacred things with irreverence?

How did Belshazzar come to be king alone in Babylon at this time? Where was his father Nabonidus? How have lately discovered inscriptions of Babylon confirmed the Bible here?

II. THE WARNING (vs. 5-9).—What appeared during these revels? What made it seem supernatural? On what part of the wall were the words written? How did this affect the king? Why did it trouble him? What did the king offer to the person who should tell him what the writing meant? Why are sinners troubled by anything that manifests God's mysterious power?

In what language was the writing? Why could not the wise men read and understand? Who are meant by Chaldeans here? Why did God give the king this warning?

III. THE PUNISHMENT (vs. 10-12, 25-28.)—Who told the king where to learn what he wished? What description is here given of Daniel? Where had he shown his wisdom? What were the words? What did they mean? Did it require courage in Daniel to say these things? When and how were his words fulfilled? How did his drunken revelry help to bring the punishment? What warning does God give us against our sins? In what balances are we weighed? When are we found wanting? How do our sins help to bring their own punishment?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Intemperance leads to many other sins.

II. The king was guilty of intemperance, idolatry, profanity, irreverence, pride, carelessness, godlessness.

III. Irreverence in the house of God is a great sin.

IV. God warns us by conscience, by His Word, by His Providence, by His Holy Spirit.

V. God weighs our characters, our actions, our motives, our intentions.

VI. We are weighed when we are tested by temptation, by opportunities to do good, by the Bible.

VII. Sin helps to bring its own punishment, as we see in the case of intemperance.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WORRYING DANGEROUS.

A woman naturally considers it an honor to be called a good housekeeper; but isn't the honor often obtained at too great a sacrifice? It requires an enormous amount of brain work, as well as manual labor, to keep a house in good order, and, if the housekeeper has not an abundance of money, therefore has to be her own cook, nursery maid and seamstress, the care and labor are overwhelmingly multiplied. It has been stated that our insane asylums contain a large proportion of housekeepers, particularly from farmers' homes, and what else can be expected when we consider the number of women who have nothing to divert their minds from household drudgery that never is done though they labor diligently early and late? It is often the fretting about what one sees undone that causes more injury than the weariness from completed work.

Housekeepers are too sensitive about the opinions of their friends and neighbors. They cannot rest after doing the really necessary work, but must dust and polish all the visible articles in the rooms for fear that some caller or visitor may appear unexpectedly, and detect a flaw in their housekeeping. Of course it is delightful to have everything always perfectly tidy, but one's health and happiness are of greater importance, and a source of more permanent delight than immaculate housekeeping. Women should become independent of "what will they say," and study how to do less and have home just as wholesome and pleasant for the family and guests.

They can discard from their tables all kinds of food requiring much time and labor to prepare and still have an abundant and varied supply to satisfy the appetite and to furnish the desired nutriment. It is not necessary for the health or comfort of the family that the cook stove should shine like a mirror, neither that all articles of clothing should be thoroughly ironed—indeed, an intelligent woman can devise many ways of omitting or slighting various kinds of housework without neglecting any of the essentials; even by a little judicious neglect, find more time to devote to them. In sewing, also, we can economize. In the first place buy good material, for it is as much work to make up poor cloth as it is to cut and make good cloth, and the latter lasts much longer. Then make all garments as plainly as consistent with general usage, and they will not require as much mending. To neglect the mending is to waste both time and money.

By economizing in labor housekeepers can find time to take an interest in something outside of their work and families, that will form a diversion for their minds, and prevent them from becoming inmates of that asylum which is said to receive so many. If there are little children in the family, and the mother cannot well leave them, try to have the diversion include them.—*Household.*

A WORD FOR THE GIRLS.

CLARA EASTMAN.

I want to lisp just a word of warning in your ears, dear girls, you who are interested in the study of hygiene and heredity. Girls are so apt to be reckless of their health thinking that only they themselves will suffer if any one does. It is not long since I heard a physician say to a young lady, "You owe it to your future husband and family to rest and recuperate."

My mind flew back to a household into which I wish every ambitious girl, prodigal of her strength, could look.

The mother told me how she hungered and thirsted for an education almost beyond her means; how she earned the money herself by teaching, studying meantime and keeping up with her class.

Then when the prescribed course was finished she strove to excel as a teacher. Nervous headaches came frequently and finally she said she dared to teach no longer.

She then, broken down as she was, married a man not over strong. In a little more than a year a frail, wee baby came, so frail that it scarcely had strength to live, a bundle of nerves. For two years they have watched over her by day and by night, she is and must be their one thought.

Their faces are never free from the troubled expression which they wear. The mother, strange to say, has grown stronger, but the child must always endure inherited weakness. This is not a solitary case; on all sides as I mingle with our school girls I see them sowing seeds for posterity to reap.

It is the old, old story over and over again these eighteen hundred years, the innocent suffering for the guilty.

In our anxiety for the spiritual and intellectual, we of this day stand in imminent peril of forgetting the animal or physical, and so make a wreck of our lives—and not ours alone. Remember, girls, there is nothing that will compensate for loss of health, that priceless possession. I have seen a refined, highly educated girl, educated at the expense of health, look with envy at a washwoman, willing to exchange places for her health.

When you are tempted to late hours, late suppers, to injure your digestive organs with sweetmeats, strong coffee or indigestible food, when ambition lures you on to toil with mind or body beyond your strength; let the discouraged mien of men who look in vain for a helpmeet in their sickly wives, the wail of helpless infancy robbed of its birthright, the dim funereal air of such homes deprived of their sunlight, let these things, which we see too often now as the results of just such a course, plead with you to choose the right path and "let thine eyes look right on."—*Union Signal.*

HOW FARMERS' FAMILIES MAY USE LEISURE HOURS.

BY HON. J. F. C. HYDE.

Among some of the plans that may be adopted to promote the best interests of the family, are those of agricultural and horticultural societies, neighbors' clubs, village improvement associations, or any organization where the farmers of a district or town may be frequently brought together to compare notes and to discuss interesting and important questions. In order, perhaps, to make the meetings of such a club of more general interest for young and old of both sexes, have a variety of entertainments, talks or lectures by some stranger who will come for nothing, or at small cost, or by residents qualified to talk, debates on questions of general interest, readings, declamations perhaps by the young men, music, both vocal and instrumental, spelling matches, and other things of a similar nature, so that many may take part and all may feel an interest.

When all this cannot be done, a part may be attempted. The young men will do well to form debating societies to meet once a week to discuss various questions, so as to acquire the habit of thinking and giving expression to their thoughts before an audience. After the young men have acquired sufficient confidence in themselves, the young ladies can be invited to attend and to contribute occasionally to the entertainment by readings and music.

While it is quite the fashion with some to make fun of the debating society, there is, perhaps, no one way open to the farmer's son by which he can gain so much as through this channel. The young men are to take the places of the fathers who are now in active life. They are to hold the offices and carry on the affairs of the town, county, state and nation, as well as all the charitable and religious enterprises of the day. They will need to acquire the habit of thinking on their feet, and of giving shape and utterance to their thoughts. We have heard many a man express the deepest regret that he could not speak in public. Not every one can make an orator, but nearly every one may by practice acquire the habit of speaking intelligently to an audience. Young men should bear in mind that this power can only be acquired by careful preparation and diligent practice.

Leisure time may be profitably employed in the reading of good books. Unfortunately it often happens that in sparsely settled farming districts libraries are few and small. Where this is the case, let several families unite and purchase second-hand books at low prices, and let them be passed from one family to another through the neighborhood.

There are books and books. We do not recommend much fiction nor any trash, but good books, those relating to agricultural and kindred topics, to those who wish to post up in that line; histories, political economy, travels, and books of like nature, with perhaps some of the better novels.

When families live too remote from neighbors, or for any reason cannot or prefer not to unite with others, it is an excellent plan to secure good and interesting books and let some one of the family read aloud while others sew, knit, or only listen. In this way several may have the benefit of a good book at the same time, and the practice of reading aloud will also be a benefit to the reader. The contents of books so read may be profitable subjects of conversation in the family.

In addition to all the ways suggested to employ leisure time, we would mention that of letter writing, which seems to be almost a lost art; we mean such letters as friends used to write to friends forty or more years ago. Also that of writing occasionally for the local or some other newspaper when one has anything worth saying. And last, but not least, we would name that of visiting friends and receiving visits from them in return. There is now in many places nothing like the sociability among neighbors that there used to be a generation ago. We hope it may not be so in all sections of the country.

If families or neighborhoods will adopt a part or all of the suggestions we have made, the fathers and brothers will have no desire to be off to the grocery or the saloon, and the boys and girls will not, we hope, have the feeling (that they justly do have sometimes) that life on the farm is dull and stupid, and so not the place for them.—*Zion's Herald.*

FOR MOTHERS.

The importance of the mother's praying aloud with the little ones is constantly proved to us. The children in our homes are so observant. Tiny Willie, too small to be allowed at the table, sees his mother bow her head in silent grace and says "See mamma go to sleep before she eats everyday;" after the explanation nothing more is said. Little Howard, four years old, comes into his mother's room while she is on her knees in quiet devotion; to his eager question, he receives only "hush, hush," and waits till she is through; he is then told not to interrupt mamma when she is praying. The next night little Howard robed for bed is told "to kneel and say his prayers;" quickly he drops on his knees, buries his face in his hands, but utters not a word; "Go on Howard;" he does not speak; "Go on," repeats the astonished mother; "Do not interrupt me mamma," is all she hears; directly when through, according to his idea, he arises and explains, "You never say anything when you pray;" so he follows her example for two or three nights, till his mother convinces him by precept he must pray aloud. We think example is more forcible.

No doubt deep and lasting impressions are often made on children by having the mother take them into a room apart, and quietly kneeling with them, in simple, tender words commend them to the dear Redeemer. Mothers who are reluctant to do this would be persuaded to try if they realized that the eternal welfare of a darling child might turn upon their faithfulness in the early dawn.—*Chris. Intelligencer.*

KITCHEN WRINKLES.

Soak salt fish in sour milk.
Use beef suet in frying meats, etc.
Put slices of lemon on boiled fish.
Boil meat slowly, it is more tender.
Put salt meat in cold water to cook.
To scale fish dip them in hot water.
Glaze roasts with stock boiled down.
Soak onions one hour before cooking.
Use lukewarm water in making bread.
Meat put in sour milk will keep for days.
Keep fresh meat in the cool air over night.
Salt increases the heat in boiling potatoes.
Suet added to a beef stew makes more gravy.
Soak cracked wheat over night.
Soak old potatoes in cold water before cooking.
If meat bakes too fast cover with buttered paper.
To warm up soup set the vessel in hot water and heat slowly.
Thin muslin tied over jars keeps out insects and admits air.
Unslacked lime near meat preserves it by keeping the air dry.

FAINT PRAISE.—The other day a certain charming woman was being discussed in a circle of her townswomen. One lady, who had been presented to the absent object of inquiry, remarked that she had seldom met anyone at once so striking, so elegant and so winning. "She carries the stamp of goodness in her face," said the enthusiast warmly. Instantly came the reply, a marked emphasis on the first word of the sentence: "Strangers always get that impression."—This sort of innuendo, the implied suspicion, which is only implied, not expressed, is mean, malicious and unspeakably cruel, the more so that its unconscious victim is powerless to defend herself against its envenomed darts. And equally to be deprecated is that faint praise which always rounds every utterance with a "But;" which never frankly accords merit to anybody unless accompanying it by a qualifying phrase which detracts from its value. Praise if you can, heartily, fully, generously. Blame if you must, keenly, discriminatingly, sweepingly. But with faint praise have nothing to do.—*Aunt Marjorie, in Christian Intelligencer.*

AN EASY WAY to spoil the evening meal is for each member to tell the sad tale of all that has gone wrong during the day. To mention the disappointments and vexations, to tell of the slights that were endured and the offences that were given, and to lament over the results of this infelicitous combinations of affairs, is enough to counteract the refreshing effect of all the good things with which the most generous and skilful housewife can load the table. Better put this complaining off until some other time. What is the best time for it is hard to say. Perhaps an indefinite postponement would be a happy thing for all concerned. Half the things that we groan over to-night will right themselves before to-morrow night if we let them alone.

THE BRAIN, served with poor, thin blood, cannot exert itself vigorously without detriment, and the absence of healthy appetite in a growing school child is a sign of cerebral exhaustion or irritation, or of a state of body in which that rapid and well-balanced destruction and construction of tissue which is essential to vigorous health has been seriously disturbed.—*Dr. J. Crichton-Browne.*

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

Oh, how children love my first!
It makes them laugh as if they'd burst.
Summer, winter, spring and fall,
They find enough to please them all.

My second is a *short* nickname,—
For boys and girls 'tis used the same;
And thus, their playmates unrepressed,
Young Swedish kings perchance addressed.

My whole, a curious plant, they say
Is fed and nourished by decay;
In various forms and colors rare
We find it growing everywhere.

ACROSTICAL WORD-SQUARE.

O o O o O
O o O o O
O o O o O
O o O o O
O o O o O

1, A complimentary title. 2, An old proverb. 3, An ancestor of the Messiah. 4, Active. 5, An ancient people.

The *primals* give a title to a lady. The *finals* give a kingdom of note in days of old. The *centrals* give a king of the Hebrews.

PI.

Nikd restah rae eht dangers,
Dnik gothusht ear het osotr,
Nkdi dosrw era teh soomshsl,
Idnk sedde aer hte irtufs.

CHARADE.

To find a boy, my *first* and *second* take;
My *third* is something he will often make.
Had he the charm which to my *whole* belonged,
His magic world with treasures would be thronged.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER

CHARADE.—Palmerston.

DIAMOND.—
L
B I T
L I G H T
T H E
T

DECAPITATIONS.—1, S—harp. 2, S—lash. 3, P—ray. 4, R—over. 5, H—eel. 6, F—lax. 7, F—lea. 8, F—rank.

The Family Circle.

A CRADLE HYMN.

BY DR. ISAAC WATTS.

The *Christian Union* has been furnished by a correspondent with a copy of this familiar hymn in its original form, which it publishes, with the following remarks: "We reprint the hymn with the lines kindly restored by our correspondent, because their omission was a serious injury to it. Its beauty as a cradle song largely depends on the connection of the babe now being lulled to sleep and the Holy Child in the manger, and the soothing words, *after anger at the indignity* offered to the Saviour have put tones into the mother's voice which have waked and frightened the baby, are very tender. We regret that the hymn, as published in modern works, has been so curtailed, and trust that the space we give it here may revive its use. The lines italicized are those omitted before."

Hush, my dear! lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently fall'ing on thy head.
Sleep, my babe! thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide;
And, without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.
How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven He descended
And became a child like thee!
Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.
Blessed Babe! what glorious features—
Spotless fair, Divinely bright;
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?
Was there nothing but a manger,
Cursed sinners could afford,
To receive the Heavenly Stranger?
Did they thus affront the Lord?
Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,
Tho' my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.
Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they served the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing,
See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
There they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His virgin mother by.
See the lovely babe a dressing;
Lovely infant, how he smiled!
When He wept, His mother's blessing
Soothed and hush'd the Holy Child.
Lo! He slumbers in a manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, there's no danger,
There's no ox'en near thy bed.
'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my child from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.
May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days!
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise.
I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

A TROUBLESOME BOY.

"Ye fathers, bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."—Eph. 6:4.

"Lane has been making us trouble again. I dislike to tell you, but what can we do with him?"

Mrs. Houston stood by the gate with the tears running down her cheeks, as her husband, after an absence of a day and a night, drove up to his house.

"What is it now?" he asked, alighting from his waggon and going to his wife's side with a dark, discouraged look settling down upon his face.

"Oh, that poor boy has sold his watch that his grandfather gave him, to procure one of those little pocket revolvers that are so temptingly advertised in our papers. He got angry at his sisters this morning, and presently hearing him say in a loud voice, 'Take care there, or I will draw my seven-shooter on you!' I entered the room to find him standing on one of the chairs brandishing a loaded revolver, and pointing it at the girls' heads. I commanded him as calmly as I could to go to his room, but the scene gave my nerves such a shock that I have been in a tremble ever since!"

"He obeyed you, did he not?"

"He refused to give up the murderous little weapon, but left the parlor for his room, saying that he had got the best of his family now, and would bring them all to terms before he got through with this quarrel. I have been momentarily expecting that he would shoot himself, or some one of the family, and have listened for the report of the revolver till I am quite unnerved. I am thankful you have come, but do not, I entreat you, go near the desperate boy until his paroxysm of temper has had time to subside."

"We shall have to send him to the Reform School," said Mr. Houston, decidedly. "His offences heretofore have been grave enough to send him to a worse place. I will have lunch and then immediately start for M—— on the twelve o'clock train. Oh, it is hard, it is humiliating beyond measure to be obliged to acknowledge to the world that I have a son whose conduct is such as to bring him within the statutory provisions concerning commitments to the Reform School even."

Mr. Houston returned from his mournful errand just in time for the six o'clock dinner. When he went to his room to make his toilet his wife followed him. "What is the result of your journey?" she asked as soon as they were alone. Her husband looked so distressed that she began to tremble again, and when he attempted to reply it was some moments before he could command his voice or find words to make himself intelligible.

"The superintendent of the school, a very pleasant, agreeable man, and a Christian, to whom I had confided, some time since, my anxiety in regard to Lane, listened to this new trouble with a grave sympathy which quite won my heart. When I had finished speaking, he said, 'Yes, Mr. Houston, you must have him sent here now by all means. He needs the discipline of this institution. But before definite arrangements are made I want to ask you one question; you say he has always been a hard case to manage; that you have tried every way to effect his reformation; that love, fear, and force have all been employed in the premises; and that you have even tried to hire him to alter his behavior, paying him a certain sum of money per day so long as he should commit no misdeed; but all these measures have failed. Now I want to know whether you have tried praying with him?"

"'No,' said I, very much taken by surprise. 'I have never thought of doing that.'"

"'Well,' said the superintendent, 'you must go home and pray with him. I don't feel as if I could receive him here, or have anything to do with the case, until the power of prayer at his home, and that in his presence, has been tried.'

"'I can not pray before my family,' I said.

"'What! you a church-member, and do not have family prayer?' he replied.

"'No, sir,' was my answer, very deeply humiliated by the confession.

"'Go home and set up a family altar to-night,' he said.

"'I cannot,' I pleaded. "I have not the courage to broach the matter, even to my wife. We never speak upon the subject of religion.'

"'It is high time you take up this cross, if cross it is,' he urged. 'How can you expect that son to submit his will to yours when you do not submit your will to the Master? To-night at nine o'clock call your family together, read a chapter of the Word of God, and lead in prayer. At that time my wife and I will go into our closets and pray for you all, especially for Lane. Let us now take the Lord Jesus Christ into our counsel.'

"I came away upon that. But what am I to do about it? I don't know. I can never pray aloud in the presence of my family."

"Dear husband," replied Mrs. Houston, sobbing. "I have been thinking for a long time that we are shirking our duty in this direction. Do not have any more misgivings about it; do not hesitate another moment. I will arrange everything this evening—never fear. The Lord will pardon us, let us hope, and give us strength when the hour arrives."

"Has Lane been down stairs since?" asked the father, himself moved to tears.

"No; and he has had nothing to eat, and no one has spoken to him since breakfast."

"What if he should start to go down town to spend the evening?"

"I have a plan which I think will keep him at home to-night."

On his way down stairs Mr. Houston went to his son's door and called in a pleasant voice, "Come, my son, dinner is waiting." Lane quickly opened the door, with his hair freshly brushed and neatly attired. He had dressed for dinner, although expecting, should he try the door, he would find it still locked upon the outside, and not doubting that he was to be again put upon a protracted diet of bread and water.

He came down stairs wondering on the way if it were possible that his father in this controversy had espoused his cause against his mother; or whether, as it seemed most likely to him, the possession of the vicious little firearm had not indeed brought them all to "terms."

Lane was given to stealing out of the house in the evenings, and frequenting questionable resorts in company with boys who were nearly as wayward as himself; but to-night Mrs. Houston forestalled any such course by saying as soon as dinner was over, "I wish, children, you would make two or three panfuls of popcorn balls, to carry to the charity festival to-morrow. The materials are all ready, and, Lane, you must superintend the popping of the corn and the preparation of the molasses and sugar."

This was one of the lad's favorite pastimes, and he went about the business in hand with alacrity, his brothers and sisters obeying his many orders, glad to have this new outbreak blow over without developing into a regular warfare between him and his father.

When half past eight o'clock came, Mrs. Houston was called out into the kitchen to see the result of the evening's labors.

"Thank you, my good children," she said. "They are as nice and white and round as any that could be made by the confectioners themselves. Now wash up so as to be in the parlor when the clock strikes nine; there is something else pleasant in store for you."

The young people obeyed, wondering and eager. At nine o'clock precisely their mother folded up the day's newspapers, put them in the wall-pocket, and brought a large Bible and placed it upon the reading-table.

Mr. Houston's voice trembled a little as he said: "It has been brought very forcibly to my mind to-day that I have been shamefully neglecting my duty and the highest welfare of you, my children, in not joining with you in the study of this blessed Word and in family prayer. To-night we will begin a different course, and see whether we shall not all be made happier and better by following it." He now read a chapter, and then knelt down. His wife and children followed his example, all except Lane. He sat bolt upright with a stern, pale face, and perturbed air, now and then casting quick glances towards the door as if meditating an escape.

The poor father at first could find no words to express his conflicting thoughts and deep, prayerful desires; but as he called to mind his friends, the superintendent and his wife, on their knees in prayer for him at that very moment, his stammering tongue was unloosed, and his unburdened soul found a wonderful freedom at the throne of grace. As he was closing a most tender and pathetic appeal on behalf of his erring son, and that all might submit their rebellious wills to Christ's loving sovereignty, Lane arose from his chair, crossed the room, and kneeling by his father's side, threw his arm around his neck, sobbing: "Pray on, father! pray on! I have tried to ask God to cleanse my wicked heart, but I could not seem to reach him by myself. I know he will hear me now when you are all willing to pray with me."

The whole family rose from their knees with melted hearts and tearful faces. It came out that the two eldest daughters had been in the habit of praying in secret, and they declared this to be the happiest hour of their lives.

Lane was completely subdued. The leaven of repentance and faith toward God had worked entire reformation and healing. He stepped up to the table, and laid the loaded revolver upon it near his father's side. "It is I who have been brought to terms," he said. "I don't think you will have any more trouble with Lane. Forgive, oh, forgive me, my father and mother, and brothers and sisters, as I hope in the forgiveness of Jesus Christ!"—*American Tract Society.*

Do You Know some one is following your example?

AT MONTE CARLO.

The love of excitement in whatever form is dangerous enough, but of all the passions that can seize on a victim and drag him to ruin the love of gambling seems to be the most surely fatal.

A young man in the employment of a well-known Parisian firm as confidential clerk was sent to the neighborhood of *Monaco* to collect a debt due to the firm. He had just been married, and by way of bridal journey, his young wife went with him. He succeeded in collecting the money due—a sum of fifteen thousand francs (three thousand dollars). He was delighted with his own success on this somewhat difficult mission, and he meant to make the journey back to Paris a pleasure trip. The first night after the money was in his possession he stopped at a grand hotel at Monte Carlo.

After dinner was over, he took a fancy to go and look at the gaming tables, which are still permitted there by Government. Then the thought struck him, "What if he should be tempted to play?" At least the money of his employers should be safe! He took it from his breast pocket and gave it to his young wife, and with it all that he had of his own, except twenty francs.

"Now, sweetheart," he said, as he kissed her, "if I make our fortune, it will have to be made with a single napoleon," and he went out into the gay, brightly lighted streets with a laugh.

The young wife sat alone for a while quite contentedly, and then a longing came over her also to see what the gaming tables were like. The money would be safe enough with her, she thought. She buttoned it all inside her dress. To make all secure, she took her young husband's pistol from his travelling-bag, and put it in her pocket.

She found her way easily to the Casino. How the lights flashed! How gay it all was! How people seemed to be winning everywhere! She did not notice the baffled gamsters who slunk away with rage and despair on their faces. She only saw the bright eyes, the flushed cheeks, the jewels that flashed on the hands which gathered in the shining gold pieces.

Surely if she stood still her husband would come that way and find her. So she lingered to watch the play. Then she bethought herself of the superstition that luck always favors a beginner. What if this were her one golden opportunity? What if she could make a fortune that would put Albert at ease for all the rest of his life? She drew from her bosom the money that was their own, played with it, and won. She left it on the table and won again. Then a third time; but now she began to lose.

Terror seized her. She had not dreaded to tell Albert of success. She dared not tell him of failure. Surely luck would turn if she went on long enough!

She drew the fifteen thousand francs from her bosom; and played on desperately,—a half-crazed creature. Suddenly, she realized that she had played the last franc and lost.

She went out of the hall, and people remembered afterward how she staggered as she walked, and how deathly white was her face. She went on a few rods, drew the pistol from her pocket and put it to her poor, bewildered brain. The report startled her husband, who just then came out of the Casino. He stopped, and this was his young bride—this huddled mass upon the sidewalk—dead; and all his prospects and his business future were dead with her.—*Youth's Companion.*

"Dr. Wayland, don't you think, if Christian people were more amiable, kind, in their disposition, and in their intercourse with the world, if they presented Christianity in its true aspects, don't you think everybody would be so attracted and charmed as to embrace Christianity at once?" was the remark of a student during a class recitation. Dr. Wayland, assuming an air more deliberate and earnest than usual, replied in substance: "There was once on the earth one who combined in perfect symmetry all the graces of Christian character; one who was wise, kind, unselfish, lovely, without fault, absolutely perfect; and what was the result of this exhibition of character in the world? They cried, Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

A FAMOUS MUTINY AND ITS RESULTS.

It was in 1789 that a party of the officers and crew of the British ship "Bounty" mutinied near the Friendly Islands and turned the captain and loyal sailors adrift in an open boat. This boat and all on board made a safe voyage of three thousand miles, and landed at Timor in the East Indian Archipelago. The mutineers made for Tahiti. Nine of them took Tahitian wives, and with nine other Tahitians sailed the "Bounty" to Pitcairn's Island. This island had been discovered by a son of the Major Pitcairn who was killed in the American Revolution. It was known to be uninhabited, and thus would afford a safe hiding-place. Far off it looks like a desolate rock, rising steep from the sea. But on nearer approach its volcanic peaks and cliffs appear covered with trees, and lying just outside the tropics it abounds in tropical fruits; while it will also bear the vegetables of the temperate zone. Its rocky coast and tremendous breakers make landing difficult, and the only safe harbor is Bounty Bay.

Here the mutineers landed, and broke up their ship to avoid discovery. Safe from punishment, free from restraint, they may have expected to be happy in that lovely isle. But sin brings misery everywhere, and only two of the men died a natural death. They fought and killed each other till, in ten years after their landing, only one remained alive! This was John Adams, a sailor who had never been to school. He found himself with the Tahitian women and twenty fatherless children dependent on him alone for guidance. He had seen the awful consequences of sin, and now felt the responsibility of these souls. Only one book had been saved from the ship: the Bible and English Prayer-book bound together. Adams began to pray and to study the Bible, and was soon able to read easily; then he taught the children reading and writing, with the law of God and the blessed Gospel of Christ. The children all loved him and called him father, and learned readily what he could teach them. Peace now began her reign upon the island. Adams had morning and evening prayers and held Sunday services, aided by the English liturgy. At first he always lived in fear of discovery; but no British ship touched at the island for twenty-five years after the landing of the mutineers. At last, in 1814, two men-of-war appeared there. Their officers were surprised to see a canoe put off, and two fine, handsome young men soon hailed them in excellent English and said: "Won't you heave us a rope?" Springing on deck, they gave their names as Thursday Christian and George Young, and avowed themselves the sons of the lost mutineers of the "Bounty." The English captains were astonished at this extraordinary discovery of men so long forgotten, but were still more surprised and excited when they took the young men below and placed some food before them. Both rose, and one of them folded his hands in prayer, saying in pleasant and suitable tones, "For what we are going to receive the Lord make us truly thankful."

This wonderful island colony was found to contain forty-six persons, mostly grown-up young people, with a few infants. The young men and women were tall, handsome, athletic, and graceful, and their faces beamed with kindness and good humor. Adams assured the visitors that they were truly honest and religious, industrious and affectionate. They were decently dressed in cloth made from the bark of trees. Their houses were built around an open lawn, and were furnished with tables, beds, chests, and seats. Their tools had been made out of the iron of the "Bounty." After a delightful stay, the ships sailed, leaving a few gifts of kettles, tools, etc., and it was nearly twelve years before the Pitcairners were again visited by an English ship. Captain Beechey, of the "Blossom," landed among them in 1825. He found that an American whaler had been there before him, and that one of her men named John Buffet "had been so infatuated with the behavior of the people that, being himself of a devout turn of mind, he had resolved to devote his life to them." He had proved an able and willing schoolmaster, and had become the oracle of the community.

Captain Beechey was warmly welcomed and spent some days on shore with a party of his men. Every day they dined with one or other of the families, and were treated to baked pig, yams, taro, and sweet potatoes. These were cooked in heated stone ovens made in holes in the ground. Their beds were mattresses made of palm-leaves, covered with sheets of cloth beaten out of the bark of the paper-mulberry tree. An evening hymn was sung by the whole family and at dawn the guests were waked by the *morning hymn and the family prayer*. Grace was always said at meals, and if any one came in late the others all paused while he also repeated it, and they responded "Amen." On Sundays the church service was well conducted, Adams reading the prayers and Buffet the sermon. What will our restless young folks say to the fact that the sermon was repeated three times, lest it should be forgotten, or any part should escape attention! Hymns were sung and no one seemed wearied. No work was done on Sunday, nor any boat allowed to quit the shore. Captain Beechey wrote: "We

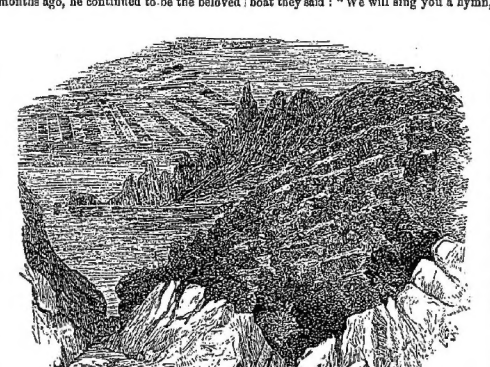
THE HOUSE OF JOHN ADAMS.

remained with them many days, and their unreserved manners gave us the fullest opportunity of becoming acquainted with them. They live in perfect harmony and contentment, are virtuous and cheerful, and are hospitable beyond the limits of prudence."

Four years after this visit, in 1829, John Adams died. Another leader had, however, been raised up for the happy islanders in 1823. Mr. George Nobbs, an Irish lieutenant in the Chilian service under Lord Cochrane, was returning to England in a ship which had just touched at Pitcairn. The captain said so much of the goodness and happiness of its people that Mr. Nobbs resolved to go there. He did so, and became pastor, teacher, and surgeon for the community, which now numbered sixty-eight persons. He married a granddaughter of Lieutenant Christian, the chief mutineer, and for fifty-six years, until his death the news of which only reached England a few months ago, he continued to be the beloved leader of the flock. He lived to the age of eighty-five.

In 1852 Admiral Moresby, with the "Portland" man-of-war, paid the islanders a visit, and attended their church service on Sunday. The report sent home to England says: "The most solemn attention was paid by all. They sang two hymns in most magnificent style; and really, I have never heard any church singing in any part of the world that could equal it, except at cathedrals. . . . It is impossible to decribe the charm that the society of the islanders throws around them. They are guileless beyond description. They depend for supplies on whaling-ships, and the sailors behave in the most exemplary manner among them. One rough seaman to whom I spoke in praise of such conduct, said: "Sir, I expect if one of our fellows was to misbehave himself here, we should not leave him alive." No intoxicating liquors are allowed on the island, except a little for sickness.

In 1856 the population had increased to 194, and it was thought the island was too small for them. It is, in fact, only two and a quarter miles long and a mile broad, and a portion is too rocky for cultivation. The English Government therefore transferred the people to Norfolk Island. Six families of forty persons who became homesick for Pitcairn have returned thither, and have now increased to 103, while the Norfolk Islanders number 476. Mr. Nobbs remained with the latter. They continue the same kind, contented, God-fearing race. Many gifts find their way from England to Pitcairn, and Queen Victoria herself has sent them a church organ, of which they speak with great pride and delight. One of a ship's company which touched there last year asked the islanders, as they were about to leave the vessel, if they wanted any Bibles or other books. They said they had plenty of Bibles, but eagerly and anxiously asked for a concordance, or for books explaining the Bible. After getting into their boat they said: "We will sing you a hymn,



BOUNTY BAY.

captain, before we go"; and they sang "The Lifeboat" and "Pull for the Shore" in beautiful harmony.

May we not learn many lessons from these Christian Children of the Sea?—*Missionary Herald.*

WRONG EXPECTATIONS.

Said one parent to a little girl, scarcely a dozen years old, who had begun to serve God, "Now, my child, if you are a Christian I shall never expect you again to show the least sign of fretfulness or impatience as long as you live; and if you do, I shall conclude that you are deceived." If some great, supernatural being—an archangel, for example—should take that woman by the arm, and say to her, "You are a church member; now I shall never expect to see the least imperfection in your character; and if I observe the least flaw in temper, in disposition, in imagination, or in word, I shall conclude that you are deceived," we wonder how she would stand the test. "A child," says Dr. Bushnell, "acts out his present feeling, the feelings of the moment, without qualification or disguise; and how, many times, would all of us appear if we were to do the same?" We should expect only childlike faith of child Christians. A boy Christian does not become a gray-haired patriarch all at once. We should hope that he would love his skates and his sled and his marbles and his gun still. A girl Christian does not develop into a conventional matron all at once. We hope she would not discard her doll and her picture book and her games until she ceases to be a girl. The boy Christian can show his religion by playing marbles fairly, as well as the man Christian by selling goods fairly. The school-girl can show her religion by the soft answer and by docile amiability, as well as her mother can show her religion by her gracious, lady-like bearing and her deeds of charity. The restrained temper, the ready obedience, fairness in sports, the willingness to pray and to read the Bible, the love of children's meetings,—these should all be taken as indications of the new life growing up within the young soul. The quick, parental eye, that is neither caustic nor over critical, will very soon discern the germs of grace in the boy or girl whose heart is touched.—*The Children and the Church.*

A NOTE OF WARNING.

For all classes the Sunday rest is essential to true living, but for brain workers it is almost the only safeguard against mental depletion. Yet there is a special temptation to use the quiet leisure of the day for the furtherance of the weekly tasks. But he who yields to the temptation, with his brain already overstrained with its six days' labor, is doing himself a greater wrong, mentally and physically, if not spiritually, than he who spends the day in hunting and fishing.

Often a similar temptation comes to our overtasked school children. We heard not long ago of a teacher in one of the public schools, who advised her scholars to devote a part of Sunday to the preparation of their Monday lessons, and of a mother that gave the same advice to her boys. It is easy to foresee the fruits of such teachings, for those thus trained will almost inevitably, as they advance in years, continue to let the work of the week infringe on the Sunday rest. And inevitably, too, they will sooner or later pay the penalty, for there is no command in the Decalogue for which surer punishment is meted out to the transgressor.

When man refused to listen to the voice of God under the green palms of Eden, he was compelled to hear it in the wilderness; and it sometimes happens that he who in health refuses to observe this divinely appointed rest day is forced to take rest and leisure in the silence of the sickroom. But too often the warning is unheeded, though again and again repeated, and at last the sword of Nemesis falls. Everywhere these unrested workers are helping to fill the insane asylums, and to swell the list of suicides; and it behooves those who are still sane, to sit down and calmly consider whether simply as a sanitary measure it will not be the part of wisdom to give Sunday its due.—*Christian at Work.*

MR. MACKAY, of the Nyanza Mission, writes: "Drink is the curse of Africa. Go where you will, you will find every week and, where grain is plentiful, every night *man, woman,* and child reeling from the effects of alcohol. The vast waste of Africa is ruined with rum."

THE BETHLEHEMITES.

(From the German, By Julie Sutter.)

PART II.—"IN HIS NAME SHALL THE GENTILES TRUST."

CHAPTER II.—AT ROME.

On a luxurious couch in a marble hall, opening into a garden, lay a noble lady. The pillared hall formed part of one of those splendid villas abounding in and near Imperial Rome.

The terraced gardens stretched away to the yellow Tiber, behind which rose the hills of the Eternal City, with its temples and palaces. On a foot-stool by the couch sat a young girl, her white garment being set off by a purple border, denoting patrician blood. Flowers lay beside her, and her hands held a half-finished wreath, but she sat listless, her eyes dreaming away across the garden.

"*Is the chaplet done, my child?*" queried the lady, half rising on her couch.

"Are you awake, mother? No,—I have been thinking."

"Thinking?" said the lady; "is it thinking that makes these cheeks so pale?" and her hand passed tenderly over the maiden's face.

"Yes, mother, I am troubled," owned the girl, her eyes brimming with tears.

"Troubled!" cried the mother, "when it is my every wish and aim that your life shall be gladdened! Helia we called you when you were born, for I said sunshine shall fill her days. Yet I fancied of late there was sadness in your voice. What ails you, my child?"

A door opened at this moment, and the two were joined by a distinguished looking man, the Toga which he wore well becoming his fine figure.

"Tears?" he said; "what can be the meaning?"

"My husband will be surprised to hear that our Helia is troubled," explained the lady. "She has just told me."

"Troubled?" echoed the father in his turn, a smile plainly denoting the view he took. 'Has she fallen out with her bosom friend, or lost a trinket, or what?"

Helia bent lower over her flowers, but answered presently: "I have no friend save Virginia, my mother's foster child and my cousin, and for trinkets I care not."

"What is it, then, my child, come tell your father!" He sat down by the couch, laying his hand kindly on the girl's head. But she, rising suddenly, stood before him, her frame trembling, the low voice of hers not lacking firmness. "I long to join the vestal virgins, father," she said. Her parents looked at each other in speechless surprise.

"My daughter be a vestal!" cried the Cornelian at last. "Why, you are as good as betrothed even now, and within a week we shall sign the marriage contract."

"I would rather it be never signed," said she.

"And why?" asked Publius, scarcely pleased.

"I am not made to be a great lady and to shine in the world," replied Helia softly. "My companions laugh at me because I like not to join in noisy festivities, and hate the sights of the amphitheatre. They taunt me with unpatrician feelings because I turn away shudderingly when poor slaves are torn to pieces by wild beasts, or when gladiators make cruel bloodshed to entertain the people. They call me a mean coward!"

"A coward!" cried her father, his face flushing; "no, my daughter is no coward! Who can call you thus has not seen how bravely you bore the red-hot iron, having been bitten by a mad dog last year; nor witnessed your courage in the autumn when our ship in the storm was dashed against the foam-covered rock. Strong men shook when death seemed certain, but the daughter of the Scipios was calm and peaceful as though she were in her mother's room."

"Your praise makes me happy," said the maiden, a slight flush mantling her face, "but others are of a different mind.... Let me go, father," she added with supplicating tones. "I am not the first maiden of our house who dedicated her life to the service of Vesta; and Rome honors such. As for me, I love the peaceful abode, the cool quiet hills, where the sacred fire is tended. I have often been there with my mother."

"Are you not happy in your father's house, Helia?" asked Publius with loving reproach.

She looked at him with her hazel eyes, replying gently: "Surely I am; yet you are going to send me away."

"To make you more happy still," said he tenderly.

"Let me be open with my father," continued Helia. "I never cared for Claudius, but lately we met at the garden feast of Gallius. I was resting in a shrubbery, when I heard some young men passing without: Claudius among them. They saw me not, but I was the subject of their talk. Quintus Flavius made fun of me, saying to Claudius his future bride was not fit to bear the honored name of a Roman maiden, since she shuddered at the sight of blood. Another called me a little fool, who hid behind her mother's skirt whenever young people were in sight. And Claudius exclaimed, angrily, he despised me, swearing by all the gods of Rome he would teach me better, let me but be his wife. 'Not a sight in the arena shall be spared her, he cried. 'She will soon put the iron ring to her finger, and with a hand of iron I will rule her.'"

"How dares he!" cried Cornelius, starting wrathfully. "How dares he threaten a daughter of my house! No, Helia, you shall never be his wife, I promise you; but neither need you be a vestal. My only daughter shall stay with me," added he, bending to her with a kiss. But she nestled in his arms with silent gratitude.

"Helia has made her mother cry," said he, turning to his wife, and as the maiden knelt down by her mother's couch, he continued:

"I came to tell you, Virginia, that sooner than I expected, we must set out for Judæa. Cæsar requires me to take charge of the citadel in Jerusalem with all speed. Here, also, is a letter of your brother Titus." And Publius took his leave.

"Undo the scroll, and read it to me," said Virginia; "my eyes are blinded with tears. I had hoped it was from Gaul!"

"Nay, mother," said the girl, "it is barely a week since we had news of my brother in Gaul."

And arranging her mother's pillows, Helia sat down beside her, reading:

"TITUS, THE CENTURION, *to* HIS SISTER VIRGINIA,

"GREETING:

"When you receive this letter, you may be preparing to follow your husband to Jerusalem. I shall rejoice to see you all, your self especially, and my little daughter Virginia, whom you will bring with you. It is long since I have seen the motherless child.

"When lately I arrived here from Gaul, my first visit was to the old home at Bethlehem. I found it unchanged, the house empty. And wandering through the garden, where I spent my earliest years, tended by the most loving of sisters, all the past came back to me. I fancied I saw you bending over the parapet, and old Afra seemed to hover about, chiding my wildness. It was the hour near sunset, the hour when the priest's family used to meet for prayer on the neighboring roof. I looked across, almost expecting to see them, the venerable parents, the twin boys, sweet Rachel, and the aged grandmother . . . . but I only saw a solitary woman in Egyptian dress, looking over the expanse in dreamful mood. And I turned away, my eyes seeking that other dwelling where in those days you had a friend, Zillah by name. But here a fire had raged, nothing was left of that house but blackened walls. I rode back to Jerusalem, occupied with the memories of childhood, and filled with longings for thee, and my little girl that bears thy name.

"When I learned that your husband, Publius, was appointed governor of Fort Antonio, I resolved to make ready the old home towards your coming. Jerusalem is all too populous, and I thought you would prefer a quiet place. You will be surprised to hear that the Egyptian woman I saw upon the roof of Zadok's house is none other than Zillah herself; not indeed the joyous maiden of old, but a saddened widow, a bereft mother, whom much sorrow has laid low. How strange that after thirty years she and we should once more be meeting at Bethlehem! But stranger still is the object of her coming! The fame of a prophet in Judæa has been heard of even in her African home, and she left it with her only son to learn of Him. Truly a wondrous man this Messiah, as some of the Jews call Him. I have seen Him myself, and heard Him. Love is written on His brow, and a divine majesty, though He is lowly of heart, and has the form of a servant. But He speaks with authority, and His words pierce the soul. The people follow Him, for He has power to heal the sick, and even to raise the dead. He is never weary of doing good, and He pities the poorest and most sinful. I think He is a prophet sent of God; and shall I tell you more? He is that selfsame Babe whose marvellous birth we witnessed at Bethlehem! I was but a child then, but I well remember your taking me with you, and showing me a new-born infant in a manger. The people worshipped it, saying it was the Christ that should come; and you told me it had been a wondrous night of angel song and heavenly sign. You will remember that the child disappeared just before *Herod* in his wickedness slew all the children in the place from two years and under; it appears that his parents fled with him into Egypt.

STRANGE TIDINGS.

"And now, sister, fare thee well, till we meet again among the hills of Judæa."

Virginia heaved a deep sigh, but a light shone from her face, and Helia heard her whisper: "Thou, God of Bethlehem, hast heard my prayer!"

It was not the first time that the Roman maiden had heard her mother mention the God of Bethlehem, but Virginia had always appeared reluctant to satisfy her daughter's curiosity. He was the God of a distant country, of whom there was neither image nor likeness—that was all the maiden had learned so far. But now the mother's heart seemed stirred, and she yielded, telling to her daughter all she herself knew concerning the birth of Him who was looked upon as the Messiah.

"Tell me His name," cried Helia.

"His name," said Virginia reverently, "is Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

"A long name," said the maiden.

"He has yet another," continued Virginia with trembling lips, "a name that was given Him when He was eight days old. He was called Jesus, which means Saviour, for He shall save His people from their sins."

"Sins! what is that, mother?"

"That is a question, my child, for the answer of which I have waited these thirty years. We go to Judæa now—we will ask Him to tell us!"

ONE LIFE'S INFLUENCE.

A little more than forty years ago there came to London a young apprentice. He was poor and friendless; he had but a single endowment—Christian faith.

He took lodgings in St. Paul's churchyard. His bedroom overlooked the vast wilderness of homes, with the dome of St. Paul's hanging like a crown of faith above it. He came to his room unknown, and there made a simple prayer of consecration alone.

He felt the solitude of the city. Some eighty young men were employed in the same establishment as himself.

"I resolved," said a great reformer, "to have no friends by chance, but by choice, and to choose only such as would help me in my spiritual life and development."

The young apprentice had a like purpose. He found a few young men among his fellow-workmen whose lives had a moral aim and purpose. Some of these he invited to hold religious services with him in his room.

These invited others to meet with them for the same purpose.

The meetings grew in numbers. They multiplied. Young men's meetings for young men became a movement among the London trades, and in 1844 they led to the forming of the first Young Men's Christian Association.

The society spread. Its influence was felt throughout England; America took up the work; the islands of the Pacific; parts of Asia. Nearly three thousand associations were represented or reported at the Tenth Annual Conference held in Berlin. Now the movement is found to meet the needs of colleges, and more than two hundred associations have been formed in colleges and schools.

Some months ago, a gentleman walking along the Thames embankment saw the grand dome of St. Paul illumined by the twilight and recalled to a friend the historic associations of the church.

"And yet," said the friend still gazing upon London's crown, "the influence of that church during the present century has, I think, been outweighed by the work of a single individual."

"Who?"

"A mere boy." He added, "I mean the apprentice who began in his simple room in St. Paul's churchyard the work of Young Men's Christian Associations in the world."

We cannot weigh influences, but the above remark is inspiring in its lesson to those who seek to be helpful to others, but whose only resource is—faith.—*Youth's Companion.*

LEARNING CHRIST.

A Sunday-school teacher writes to us from a manufacturing town in Massachusetts; "Our Superintendent told us that he had been invited to open a school at the S. Factory, and if two others would go with him he would do so. The school was opened and I was one of the teachers.

"Among the children was a lame boy named Oliver. He had no use of his feet, and moved about on his hands and knees. His sisters, who were in my class, told me Oliver could not learn anything, but it amused him to come. At first he came only within the door, but gradually he came near my class.

"One day as I entered and took my place, Oliver said to me: 'Oh, tell me about Jesus.' My class had no lesson that day, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, and my own, I told him all I could of Christ.

"A few days after, Oliver was taken sick of fever. He was not disposed to talk much, but he kept saying to himself: 'He died for me, she said so,' and Oliver died saying these words. It may be that the boy who, it was said, could not learn anything, was the only one in that school of thirty to forty scholars who learned to take Christ as a personal Saviour, I cannot say, but he was the only one who acknowledged Him."—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE BETHLEHEMITES.

(From the German, By Julie Sutter.)

PART II.—"IN HIS NAME SHALL THE GENTILES TRUST."

CHAPTER III.—AT HEBRON.

A girl of fourteen, and a youth some two years older, were sauntering through a spring wood on the hillside, at a little distance from the ancient city of Hebron.

"I want to hear more, brother," the girl was saying.

And the youth resumed: "The people came streaming down the mount of Olives, pressing through the city gate in spite of the Roman soldiers who attempted to keep them back. Through the narrow streets the crowd went heaving, their cries filling the air. Nearer and nearer they came to the temple; and, as though moved by a higher impulse, we Levites came forth to meet Him, the white-robed children that serve Jehovah taking the lead. And suddenly silence descended on the people. At the entrance of the temple we saw Him sitting upon the colt of an ass, He, the meekest of men, yet a King. But ah, how sad He looked! As we went near to receive Him, the children burst into a loud Hosanna, the people responding: "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest!" And we saw that the multitude had spread their garments, had cut down branches and strewed them in the way. But He dismounted, entering the court of the Gentiles, and with surprise we saw Him overthrow the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sell doves. 'My house shall be called the house of prayer,' He said, 'but ye have made it a den of thieves.' And He cast out all that sold and bought in the temple. Thereupon, he went into the inner court, and sat down to teach. And soon the chief priests and scribes came to Him with upbraiding looks, asking by what authority He did these things. But he met them with another question, and they could not answer Him. They went away with angry looks toward us Levites, but we heeded them not, rather joining in the people's renewed Hosanna; and then we listened to the wondrous teaching that flowed from His lips, not thinking of meat or drink till He rose and left the temple.

"And as the people made way for Him, He stood still a moment, looking up at the proud pinnacles of the temple, and then passed a slow gaze over the faces of the multitude, on which the setting sun was casting a brilliant light. Ah, sister, it was a look to be remembered! All were silent, as He went through their midst.

"We sung the psalms on that evening with a deeper feeling than we had ever done before. And ever and again between the words of David, we heard a glorious Hosanna. None of us could think of sleep, the long night passing as a sunset hour. In the morning He returned from Bethany, whither He had retired, and again he taught us, His face being more and more sorrowful, and yet so full of love and tenderness, it moved many of us to tears. I felt constrained to hasten home this day, and tell you about these things, but I must return early in the morning, anxious to be where He is. I greatly fear the high-priests and scribes seek to lay hands on Him to kill Him. If they do, what may not be the end? For He would never permit us to rise and fight for Him."

* * *

"So late home, Asenath?" and the mother put down her babe, three other children lifting their heads from the pillow, when their sister entered.

"Forgive me, mother! Joshua had so much to tell me of things happening at Jerusalem, the time passed, we knew not how."

"I can understand it," was the gentle reply, "but take my place now with the little ones"

And the mother quitted the chamber.

"Have you brought me the red lilies?" asked Ruth, a bright-eyed maiden.

"No, darling, I forgot all about it. I listened to such wondrous things that I never remembered my promise about the flowers."

The little creature pouted.

"Nay, Ruth, you must forgive me. Go to sleep now, and to-morrow we will look for lilies."

"What did Joshua tell you, that was so wonderful?" queried a curly-headed boy, some three or four years old.

"He spoke to me about Jesus, the prophet, to whom mother brought you once, and surely you remember how tenderly He took you up in His arms, putting His hands upon you to bless you."

"Yes, I remember," cried the little boy.

"And I!"

"And I!" the three voices repeating in chorus: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God."

And Asenath thereupon told them how happy the children of the temple had been that day, how they had sung praises to the Messiah. And then the elder sister herself sang the children to sleep.

Far into the night, Joshua with his parents and Asenath was sitting upon the roof, repeating to them again and again the wonderful words of Jesus. The moon had risen, casting a pale glory upon the sepulchre of Abraham in the distance, and upon the plain of Mamre, where the angel of the Lord of old spake of the Child of Promise, in whose seed all the nations of the earth should be blessed.

Happy and solemn were the thoughts of the priest and his gentle wife, as they listened to the words of their son, his glowing account waking echoes in their hearts of the goodness and mercy of Jehovah.

"Then you will go back to-morrow, my son," said Caleb, blessing him; "is it worth while for two days only?"

"Detain me not, father," pleaded the youth, "I would fain listen to Him again!"

"Nay, my boy, go in peace, and the God of Abraham be with thee," replied the priest.

"Yes, go," added Rachel, his wife, laying her hand on the brow of her first-born, but return to us to eat the passover.

NEW HOPES.

CHAPTER IV.—BACK AT BETHLEHEM.

It was toward sunset. Virginia in deep emotion was pacing the roof of the old house, her childhood's home; Helia and the younger Virginia sitting apart, pale and saddened.

Zillah too, and Anana were there. But Zillah's face shone with a new light. Peace had taken the place of mourning. She looked like one who having come through great tribulation, had found Him that could comfort her soul.

"What gain is it!" cried Virginia passionately; "what gain to me that you say, He lives, if I cannot see Him? For thirty years my heart has longed for Him, hungered for Him and ever since we left Rome, it has been my one thought that now I should be satisfied. And reaching Jerusalem I am told of His Death on the cross!

"What gain is it to me that Titus keeps saying: 'Truly this man was the Son of God!' I knew He was, and I wanted to see Him! Titus stood by the cross when He died; he saw Him laid in the tomb, he watched the chief priests and Pharisees, making sure of the sepulchre, by sealing the stone—and now ye tell me He is risen indeed, and ascended to Heaven. What gain this to me who wanted to see Him, and have Him speak to me!—I cannot understand you, Zillah; you told me life had left you nought but sadness, and now you say your mourning is turned to joy, because you know Him! Well, you at least have seen Him before He went to Heaven. But I came too late! Too late! too late!" she kept sobbing, shaken with grief.

"Noble lady," responded Anana, "He Himself said: 'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed!'"

"Did He! Are those His very own words?" cried Virginia. "But, alas, how am I to believe?"—and she covered her face with her hands.

"Should He, at whose voice the dead returned to life not have had power to rise from the grave and ascend to the right hand of God?" returned Anana solemnly. "And we know He will come again."

"If it is, as you say, why could He not have saved Himself, but died the death of transgressors?"

"He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows," said Zillah softly; "yea, He was wounded for our transgressions, and with His stripes we are healed. . . . And rising again for our justification He has ascended to be our advocate with the Father. Far nearer He is to His people now than if He had remained visible upon earth. Dearest Virginia, will you not believe, and have a part in Him also? Let me take you to those who were with Him when He was carried up into Heaven. Better than I they can tell you the wondrous things of God."

"I long to believe," said Virginia.

"I will take you to Rachel in the morning," concluded Zillah; "her husband and son are disciples of Christ, and they know those who were with Him in the time of His blessed ministry, even the apostles whom He loved."

* * *

The morning sun was shedding a rosy light over the valley of Bethlehem, when a little band of Christians, white-robed, met for baptism by the brook where David of old sung psalms to his God.

Jew and Gentile, rich and poor, young and old, once more they were together; from Europe, Asia and Africa they were gathered to bow the knee to Jesus, the Crucified.

They were added to the church by one of those who had followed Him when He lived among men.

"In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost," he said, "I baptize you into His death. Let your life be hid with Christ, growing in His love, for He has bought you with a price. And He will come again to take you to Himself. Even where He has risen we shall see Him,* though He tarry a while! Remember how long His people waited, till the angel at last brought good tidings to the faithful in this place. And now to you and your children is the promise, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord shall call. Go ye now and do His will, abiding the coming of the King! In sorrow and joy ye have His word: 'I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'"

Thus then, it has been the Christmas-carol ever since:

EMMANUEL—GOD WITH US.

* *The early Christians believing in the speedy return of Christ.*

FROM THE PRISON TO THE SENATE

Outside the gates stood a man. He had worked out his time within the dingy walls of the State prison, and once more he is out in the great world. But there is no friend there to meet him. Where is he to go? No home doors are open. He feels disgraced and expects people to shun him.

Providentially a Christian man comes along, asks him where he is going, and finding that the man has no path marked out, invites him to walk with him to Hartford. At first he shrinks; he had been so long shut away from companionship with men that it takes some time for manhood to assert itself, but as this is the only way open he accepts the invitation.

As they walk along they converse freely of the past and the hopes for the future. He tells how he was brought to the prison, speaks of its gloom at first, but there he found Jesus, and He is able to light even the cell of a State prison. Although he had been brought there by sin, there was no necessity for continuing in sin, and he had there promised to lead a true and upright life. Another good thing had come to him there, and that was a good trade, something he had never had, and one of the best things a young man can have; one that is a good shield from the many temptations young men are subject to.

The man whom the Lord sent to him that morning at the prison gate took him to a large manufactory and introduced him to the proprietor, who was made acquainted with all the facts in the case. He then gave him a place in his shop, among the great number of men employed by him, after first telling the men who he was and where he came from, as the man desired this. There he commenced life again. Ten years later this man owned the factory. Years after he was a senator in the legislature of one of the largest New England States.

There is no place in life to sit down and be discouraged. Life to a great extent is what we make it. All boys cannot become senators, neither can all be Presidents or governors, but all boys can make honest, straightforward men, and these are needed everywhere. And it rests with you whether you are to be such. Never mind your circumstances. Some of the greatest men we ever had have come up through the most trying circumstances. Aim to be men in the highest sense, men who can be trusted. Keep as far from sin as possible. Never stop to ask how near you may go to a doubtful thing; the only safety is in shunning everything that has the appearance of evil. So often we hear boys say, What's the harm? showing by the very question that there is a little uncertainty in their own minds; they are not quite satisfied. There is danger of our looking at sin so often that it becomes less and less distasteful to us, and at last we relish it; so, beware, trifle not with your convictions of right.

Then, in standing firmly against sin, you help to strengthen your character. Be thorough in all things; never allow yourself to carelessly do anything. There is so much superficial work everywhere. The scholar in school often by being careless the first year, feels the effects most when passing his final examination—he then reaps the fruits of his carelessness. Many of our young people come from our schools with just a smattering of a good many studies, but thorough in nothing. They have had a way of gliding through, and deceiving their teachers, and they have graduated in name only.

Daniel Webster once said: "There is always room upstairs. The walks of skilled labor are not over-crowded. But the great army of 'incapables' is almost beyond limit." There is an old saying, that if you fit yourself for a place, the place will call for you. That, as a rule, is true; somebody will see your fitness for the place, and your employer will recognize the fact that none can fill your place. Aim for the best things for time and eternity.—*Christian at Work.*

"LIKE AS A FATHER."

A good story is told of a gentleman who, accompanied by his little son, was one day riding after a pair of mettlesome young horses. Alighting to adjust some portion of the harness the horses for some reason became fractious and unmanageable. Madly they resisted all efforts at control and fiercely strove to break away from the driver's hand. Though in constant danger of being trampled to death beneath their iron feet, the father, nevertheless, mindful only of the imminent peril of his boy, clung desperately to the bridles of the frantic brutes, until at length, in the fearful struggle, the carriage was overturned and out rolled the precious eight-year-old safe and sound. Too thankful now for utterance and unmindful of bruises, cuts, broken carriage, or any other minor matters, the father with the utmost composure saw the maddened steeds go tearing wildly down the street. His darling boy was safe! It was enough. Bearing his unharmed child in his arms he eagerly, joyfully, in triumph, returns to his anxious and welcoming home. "Like as a father." What a comment on a certain well-known and very precious text. "Like as a father." Ah, yes. Thus fondly is the heart of God set upon his own:—so devotedly indeed, that if necessary He could doubtless with utter, supreme composure witness the swift and total ruin even of His whole universe, so only His precious children were forever secure.

THOU ART WISE if thou beat off petty troubles, nor suffer their stinging to fret thee.—*Tupper.*

RIGHT NOT PRIVILEGE.

Every boy who has read "Tom Brown at Rugby," admires the hero's sturdy independence, his scorn of a falsehood, and his love of out-door sports. But every honest reader of the book feels that the most manly part of Tom's character is disclosed in the scene where he kneels down in the face of the whole dormitory of boys, and says his prayers.

The scene has been repeated in other schools since then. But every boy who has had the courage to pray openly, when he knew he ought, can testify that it was one of the hardest things he ever did. There are several ways of doing this reverential act. It may be made unnecessarily demonstrative, or it may be performed so as to extort the respect of the boys.

In a large and respectable school near Boston, two boys from different States, and strangers to each other, were compelled by circumstances to room together. It was the beginning of the term, and the two students spent the first day in arranging their room, and getting acquainted.

When night came, the younger of the boys asked the other if he did not think it would be a good idea to close the day with a short reading from the Bible, and a prayer. The request was modestly made, without whining, or cant of any kind. The other boy, however, bluntly refused to listen to the proposal.

"Then you will have no objection if I pray by myself, I suppose?" said the younger. "It has been my custom, and I wish to keep it up."

"I don't want any praying in this room, and I won't have it," retorted his companion.

The younger boy rose slowly, walked to the middle of the room, and, standing upon a seam in the carpet which divided the room nearly equally, said quietly,—

"Half of this room is mine. I pay for it. You may choose which half you will have. I will take the other, and I will pray in that half, or get another room. But pray I must and will, whether you consent or refuse."

The older boy was instantly conquered. To this day, he admires the sturdy independence which claimed as a right what he had boorishly denied as a privilege. A Christian might as well ask leave to breathe, as to ask permission to pray. There is a false sentiment connected with Christian actions which interferes with their free exercise. If there is anything to be admired, it is the manliness which knows the right and dares do it, without asking any one's permission.—*Youth's Companion.*

LEARN TO REST.

BY GERTRUDE THORNTON.

If, instead of the above, I had written, "A Secret of Success," not "the secret," observe, for we all consider that to be, "Learn to Work," many more would have read this than I can hope will do so now. As it is, the hard-working students of the land will pass this by, saying, "How can we rest when we have no time?" and little will be the use in replying, "Take time or you will sink in sight of the goal you are straining every nerve to gain."

I asked a studious young woman who a few years ago had stood at the head of her class, and indeed far above, as the worthy gentleman who examined her had been pleased to say, all others who had graduated with honorable records from the same institution, what she considered the secret of her success in the school-room. I knew well enough that her natural endowments had been in many respects inferior to those of her competitors and thus judged that there must be a secret somewhere.

Imagine my surprise when she answered not a word, but led the way to her own room, the door of which she threw open and pointed to a rustic motto on the wall above her head. "It is there," she answered at last, and I read, "Learn to Rest."

"When the time came for our examination," she said, "my companions were tired and flurried from over-study and sleepless nights, but I was fresh and my thoughts collected and readily put into work, because I had laid the foundation of my knowledge long before and reared the structure very slowly, with care to take pure and undisturbed rest from study at proper hours. When I went to walk I did not take a book in my hand, and when I rode I was not constantly seeking to recall certain portions of my studies to mind for fear I might forget.

"The jealous ones laughed and assured themselves of an easy victory when they saw me throw aside my books and romp for hours with the little ones, or go out alone for long rambles in the fields. They could not see how two hours of my intense application afterwards was worth five of theirs between the hours of ten and three at night, after a day in the school-room and an evening in the parlor with book in hand."

I wish I could impress these words upon the thoughts of every ambitious young scholar in the land. It would save so many weary head-aches and heart-aches, so many grievous failures at the very last, and so many shattered lives.—*Christian at Work.*

HOW TO READ.

Read with diligence. Improve the moments of leisure. Do not wait for a summer vacation or for a holiday. Begin at once. "The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours." "Many of the cultivated persons whose names have been famous as students have given only two or three hours a day to their books." You wish, perhaps, that you might enjoy a month of leisure for reading; but you have little hope that your inexorable business or dependent family will ever grant the coveted privilege. Let us see. You lose half an hour every day of your life waiting for tardy people, for delayed meals or for belated trains. That amounts, in six days, to three hours; in a year, to one hundred and fifty-six. Divide one hundred and fifty-six by six—the greatest number of hours it would be prudent for you to read each day, if reading were your only occupation, and you have twenty-six days, a month of working days, that might be devoted every year to useful reading. By the economy of moments you may accomplish more than do many that are at leisure to read, if they would, from dawn till dusk.

Read with a purpose. Self-culture is a worthy object, but it is not the noblest. The man who seeks culture for selfish ends is simply an intellectual gourmand, and is no more entitled to our esteem than is a hide-bound miser. Read for others. Read that you may have something to tell the children that climb upon your knees asking for stories; read that you may be eyes to the aged and to the blind, read that you may brighten the sick-room with the mellow light of refined conversation; read that you may be able to write and to talk for the Master and for humanity.—*Rev. J. A. Fisher.*

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Question Corner.—No. 3.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

AN OLD BIBLE RIDDLE.

Come and commiserate
One who was blind,
Helpless and desolate,
Void of all mind.
Guileless deceiving,
Though unbelieving
Free from all sin.
By mortals adored,
Still Ignored
The world I was in.
King Ptolemy's, Cæsar's,
And Tiglath Pileser's
Birthdays all shown;
Wise men, astrologers,
All are acknowledgers
Mine is unknown.
I ne'er had a father,
A mother, or rather
If I had either
Then they were neither
Alive at my birth.
Lodger in palace,
Hunted by malice,
I did not inherit
By lineage or merit
A spot upon earth.
Nursed among pagans,
None e'er baptized me,
Yet had I sponsor
Who ne'er catechised me.
She gave me a name
That to her heart was dearest,
She gave me a place
To her bosom the nearest;
But one look of kindness
She cast on me never.
Compassed by danger,
Nothing could harm me.
I saved, I destroyed,
I blessed, I alloyed;
Kept a crown for a prince,
But had none of my own;
Filled the place of a king,
But ne'er sat on a throne;
Rescued a warrior,
Baffled a plot,
Was what I was not.
A king's worthy daughter
Watched by my bed,
Devoted to slaughter,
A price on my head.
Though gently she dressed me,
Panting with fear,
She never caressed me,
Nor wiped off a tear;
Ne'er moistened my eyes,
Though parching and dry:
What marvel a blight
Should pursue till she die!
'Twas royalty nursed me—
In deceit, I am sure.
I lived not, I died not;
But tell me you must
That ages have passed
Since I first turned to dust.
This paradox when?
This equator, this splendor?
Say, was I a king
Or a silly pretender?
Fathom this mystery
Deep in my history.
Was I a man?
An angel supernal?
A demon infernal?
Solve me who can.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 1.

1. In 1 Thess. v. 5; Eph. v. 8; St. Luke xvi. 8; St. John xii. 36.
2. Ezekiel (Ezek. i. 4-25).
3. In Gen. xiv. 5, 7; i. 20; Ps. cv. 17.
4. In Shiloh (Josh. xviii. 1.)
5. From Eph. iii. 1; iv. 1; 2 Tim. i. 8; Philem. i. 9.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NAOMI, RUTH i. 1, 5, 8; MANNA, EXOD. XVI. 14, 15; HANUN, 2 Sam. x.

N - a - H - u - M . . Nah. i. 1; Jonah. i. 2.
A - m - A - s - A . . 2 Sam. xvii. 25; 1 Kings ii. 5.
O & r - N - u - N . . 1 Chron. xxi. 15, 22.
M-ero- U- ca- N . . Esther i. 16, 17.
J - u - N - i - A . . Rom xvi. 7.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Frederick Barton, H. E. Greene, Jennie Lyght, Agnes G. Grant, and Albert Jesse French.

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